FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVII.

For more than an hour there had been unbroken silence in the dingy old law office of Mr. Worthington, where Henry Lincoln and William Bender still remained, the one as a practicing lawyer and junior partner of the firm, and the other as a student still, for he had not yet dared to offer himself for examination. Study was something which Henry particularly disliked; and as his mother had trained him with the idea that labor for him was wholly unnecessary, he had never bestowed a thought on the future, or made an exertion of any kind. Now, however, a different phase of affairs was appearing. His father's fortune was threatened with ruin; and he sat in the office with his heels upon the window sill, debating the all-important question whether it were better to marry Ella Campbell for the money which would save him from poverty, or to rouse himself to action for the sake of Mary Howard, whom he really fancied he loved.

Frequently since the party had he met her, each time becoming more and more convinced of her superiority over the other young ladies of her acquaintance. He was undoubtedly greatly assisted in this decision by the manner with which she was received by the fashionables of Boston; but, aside from that, as far as he was capable of doing so, he liked her, and was now making up his mind whether to tell her so or not.

At last breaking the silence, he exclaimed: "Hang me, if I don't believe she's bewitched me, or else I'm in love. Bender, how does a chap feel when he's in love?"

"Very foolish, judging from yourself," returned William, and Henry replied:

"I hope you mean nothing personal, for I'm bound to avenge my honor, and 'twould be a deuced scrape for you and me to fight about 'your sister,' as you call her, for 'tis she who has inspired me, or made a fool of me, one or the other."

"You've changed your mind, haven't you?" asked William, a little sarcastically.

"Hanged if I have!" said Henry. "I was interested in her years ago, when she was the ugliest little vixen a man ever looked upon, and that's why I teased her so—I don't believe she's handsome now, but she's something, and that something has raised the mischief with me. Come, Bender, you are better acquainted with her than I am, so tell me honestly if you think I'd better marry her."

With a haughty frown William replied: "You have my permission, sir, to propose as soon as you please. I rather wish you would;" then taking his hat he left the office, while Henry continued his soliloquy as follows:

"I wonder what the old folks would say to a penniless bride. Wouldn't mother and Rose raise a row? I'd soon quiet the old woman, though, by threatening to tell that she was once a factory girl. But if dad smashes up I'll have to work, for I haven't brains enough to earn my living by wit. I guess on the whole I'll go and call on Ella; she's handsome, and besides that has the rhino, too; but how shallow!" and the young man broke the blade of his knife as he stuck it into the hardwood table by way of emphasizing his last words.

Ella chanced to be out, and as Henry was returning he overtook Ida Selden and Mary Howard, who were taking their accustomed walk. Since her conversation with William a weight seemed lifted from Mary's spirits, and she now was happier far than she ever remembered of having been before. Mary could not find it in her heart to be uncourteous to Henry, and her manner toward him that morning was so kind and affable that it completely upset him; and when he parted with her at Mr. Selden's gate his mind was quite made up to offer her his heart and hand.

"I shall have to work," thought he, "but for her sake I'll do anything."

An hour later he sat down and wrote to Mary on paper what he could not tell her face to face. Had there been a lingering doubt of her acceptance, he would undoubtedly have wasted at least a dozen sheets of the tiny gilt-edged paper, but as it was one would suffice, for she would not scrutinize his handwriting—she would not count the blots, or mark the omission of punctuating pauses. An ardent declaration of love was written, sealed and directed.

Restless and unquiet, he sat down to await his answer. It came at last—his rejection, yet couched in language so kind and conciliatory that he could not feel angry. Twice—three times—he read it over, hoping to find some intimation that possibly she might relent; but no, it was firm and decided, and while she thanked him for the honor he conferred upon her, she respectfully declined accepting it, assuring him that his secret should be kept inviolate.

"There's some comfort in that," thought he, "for I wouldn't like to have it known that I have been refused by a poor, unknown girl," and then, as the conviction came over him that she would never be his, he laid his head upon the table and wept such tears as a spoilt child might weep when refused a toy too costly and delicate to be trusted in its rude grasp.

Ere long there was a knock at the door and hastily wiping away all traces of his emotion, Henry admitted his father, who had come to talk of their future prospects, which were even worse than he had feared. But he did not reproach his wayward son, nor hint that his reckless extravagance had hastened the calamity which otherwise might have been avoided. Calmly he stated the extent to which they were involved, adding that though an entire failure might be prevented a short time, it would come at last; and that an honorable payment of his debts would leave them beggars.

"For myself I do not care," said the wretched man, pressing hard his aching temples, where the gray hairs had thickened within a few short weeks. "For myself I do not care, but for my wife and children—for Rose, and that she must miss her accustomed comforts, is the keenest pang of all."

All this time Henry had not spoken, but thought was busily at work. He could not bestir himself; he had no energy for that now; but he could marry Ella Campbell, whose wealth would keep him in the position he now occupied, besides supplying many of Rose's wants.

Cursing the fate which had reduced him to such an extremity, toward the dusk of evening Henry started for Mrs. Campbell's. Lights were burning in the parlor, and as the curtains were drawn back he could see through the partially opened shutter that Ella was alone. Reclining in a large sofa chair, she sat, leaning upon her elbow, the soft curls of her brown hair falling over her white arm, which the full blue cashmere sleeve exposed to view. She seemed deeply engaged in thought, and never before had she looked so lovely to Henry, who as he gazed upon her felt a glow of pride in thinking that fair young girl could be his for the asking.

"And so my little pet is alone," said he, coming forward, and raising to his lips the dainty fingers which Ella extended toward him. "I hope the old aunty is out," he continued, "for I want to see you on special business."

Ella noticed how excited he appeared, and always on the alert for something when he was with her, she began to tremble, and without knowing what she said asked him "what he wanted of her?"

"Zounds!" thought Henry, "she meets me more than half way," and then, lest his resolution should fail, he reseated her in the chair she had left, and drawing an ottoman to her side hastily told her of his love, ending his declaration by saying that from the first time he saw her he had determined that she should be his wife! And Ella, wholly deceived, allowed her head to droop upon his shoulder, while she whispered to him her answer. Thus they were betrothed—Henry Lincoln and Ella Campbell.

"Glad am I to be out of that atmosphere," thought the newly engaged young man, as he reached the open air, and began to breathe more freely. "Goodness me, won't I lead a glorious life? Now, if she'd only hung back a little—but no, she said yes, before I fairly got the words out; but money covereth a multitude of sins—I beg your pardon, man'am," said he quickly, as he became conscious of having rudely jostled a young lady, who was turning the corner.

Looking up, he met Mary Howard's large dark eyes fixed rather inquiringly upon him. She was accompanied by one of Mr. Selden's servants, and he felt sure she was going to visit her sister. Of course, Ella would tell her all, and what must Mary think of one who could so soon repeat his vows of love to another? In all the world there was not an individual for whose good opinion Henry Lincoln cared one-half so much as for Mary Howard's; and the thought that he should now surely lose it maddened him. The resolution of the morning was forgotten, and that night a fond father watched and wept over his inebriate son.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From one of the luxuriously furnished chambers of her father's elegant mansion Jenny Lincoln looked mournfully out upon the thick, angry clouds which, the livelong day, had obscured the winter sky. Dreamily for a while she listened to the patter of the rain as it fell upon the deserted pavement below, and then, with a long, deep sigh, she turned away and wept. Poor Jenny! the day was rainy and dark and dreary, but darker far were the shadows stealing over her pathway. Turn which way she would there was not one ray of sunshine which even her buoyant spirits could gather from the surrounding gloom. Her only sister was slowly but surely dying, and when Jenny thought of this she felt that if Rose could only live she'd try and bear the rest; try to forget how much she loved William Bender, who that morning had honorably and manfully asked her of her parents, and been spurned with contempt—not by her father, for could he have followed the dictates of his better judgment he would willingly have given his daughter to the care of one who he knew would carefully shield her from the storms of life. It was not he, but the cold, proud mother, who so haughtily refused William's request, accusing him of taking underhand means to win her daughter's affections.

"I had rather see you dead!" said the stony-hearted woman, when Jenny knelt at her feet and pleaded for her to take back the words she had spoken. "I had rather see you dead than married to such as he. I mean what I have said, and you will never be his."

Jenny knew William too well to think he would ever sanction an act of disobedience to her mother, and her heart grew faint and her eyes grew dim with tears, as she thought of conquering the love which had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. There was another reason, too, why Jenny should weep as she sat alone in her room. From her father she had heard of all that was to happen. The luxuries to which all her life she had been accustomed were to be hers no longer. The pleasant country house in Chicopee, dearer far than her city home, must be sold, and nowhere in the wide world was there a place for them to rest.

Mr. Lincoln entered his daughter's room, and bending affectionately over her pillow said, "How is my darling to-day?"

"Better, better—almost well," returned Rose, raising herself in bed to prove what she had said. "I shall be out in a few days, and then you'll buy me one of those elegant plaid silks, won't you? All the girls are wearing them, and I haven't had a new dress this winter, and here 'tis almost March."

Oh! how the father longed to tell his dying child that her next dress would be a shroud. But he could not. He was too much a man of the world to speak to her of death; so without answering her question he said: "Rose, do you think you are able to be moved into the country?"

"What, to Chicopee? that horrid, dull place? I thought we were not going there this summer?"

"No, not to Chicopee, but to your grandma Howland's in Glenwood. The physician thinks you will be more quiet there, and the pure air will do you good."

Rose looked earnestly in her father's face to see if he meant what he said, and then replied: "I'd rather go anywhere in the world than to Glenwood. You've no idea how I hate to stay there. Grandma is so queer and the things in the house so fussy and countryfied—and cooks by a fireplace, and washes in a tin basin, and wipes on a crash towel that hangs on a roller!"

Mr. Lincoln could hardly repress a smile at Rose's reasoning, but perceiving that he must be decided, he said: "We think it best for you to go, and shall accordingly make arrangements to take you in the course of a week or two. Your mother will stay with you, and Jenny, too, will be there a part of the time;" then, not wishing to witness the effect of his words, he hastily left the room, pausing in the hall to wipe away the tears which involuntarily came to his eyes as he overheard Rose angrily wonder "why she should be turned out of doors when she wasn't able to sit up!"

"I never can bear the scent of those great tallow candles, never," said she; "and then to think of the coarse sheets and patchwork bedquilts—oh, it's dreadful!"

Jenny's heart, too, was well-nigh bursting, but she forced down her own sorrow, while she strove to comfort her sister, telling her how strong and well the bracing air of the country would make her, and how refreshing, when her fever was on, would be the clear, cold water which gushed from the spring near the thornapple tree, where in childhood they so oft had played. Then she spoke of the miniature waterfall, which not far from her grandmother's door made "fairy-like music" all the day long, and at last, as if soothed by the sound of that far-off water, Rose forgot her trouble, and sank into a sweet, refreshing slumber.

In a few days preparations were commenced for moving Rose to Glenwood, and in the excitement of getting ready she in a measure forgot the tallow candles and patchwork bedquilt, the thoughts of which had so much shocked her at first.

"Put in my embroidered merino morning gown," said she to Jenny, who was packing her trunk, "and the blue cashmere one faced with white satin; and don't forget my best cambric skirt, the one with so much work on it, for when George Moreland comes to Glenwood I shall want to look as well as possible; and then, too, I like to see the country folks open their mouths and stare at city fashions."

"What makes you think George will come to Glenwood?" asked Jenny.

"I know, and that's enough," answered Rose; "and now, before you forget it, put in my leghorn hat, for if I stay long I shall want it; and see how nicely you can fold the dress I wore at Mrs. Russell's party!"

"Why, Rose, what can you possibly want of that?" asked Jenny, and Rose replied:

"Oh, I want to show it to grandma, just to hear her groan over our extravagance, and predict that we'll yet come to ruin!"

Jenny thought that if Rose could have seen her father that morning when the bill for the dress and its costly trimmings was presented she would have wished it removed forever from her sight. Early in the winter Mr. Lincoln had seen that all such matters were settled, and of this bill, more recently made, he knew nothing.

"I can't pay it now," said he promptly to the boy who brought it. "Tell Mr. Holton I will see him in a day or two."

The boy took the paper with an insolent grin, for he had heard the fast circulating rumor "that one of the big bugs was about to smash up;" and now, eager to confirm the report, he ran swiftly back to his employer, who muttered, "Just as I expected. I'll draw on him for what I lent him, and that'll tell the story. My daughters can't afford to wear such things, and I'm not going to furnish money for his."

Of all this Rose did not dream, for in her estimation there was no end to her father's wealth, and the possibility of his failing had never entered her mind.

(To be continued.)

No Lack of Mascots.

"No," candidly admitted Noah, "the ark is not exactly a Herreshoff fin-keel, I didn't know anything about aluminum when I planked her top sides, and her canvas is not cross-cut, nor does she carry a spinnaker.

"But," he added, complacently, "we are right in it when it comes to mascots!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

STRIKE ABANDONED

CINCINNATI MACHINISTS WILL RETURN TO WORK.

Strike Benefit Fund Became Exhausted, and No Further Assistance Could Be Hoped for From National Headquarters — Union Officers Will Make No Statement—San Francisco Union Ready to Settle.

Cincinnati, July 15.—The machinists' strike, which was organied May 20, and which involved from 5,000 to 7,000 employes in this city, has practically been declared off. A secret mass meeting of strikers was held today, at which a formal report was made that it had been found to be impossible to secure assistance in money from the headquarters in Washington, as the strike benefit fund is exhausted, and the strikers were advised to return to work. Already about 600 have applied for reinstatement, and many more will do so in the next two days. No official statement has been made by the leaders of the strikers, and they all refuse to be quoted, saying that they do not care to do anything that might affect the injunction proceedings against them, set for hearing July 16. It is said that the decision to return to work was not unanimous, and that some men will still hold out.

Situation at San Francisco.

San Francisco, July 15.—The Iron Trades council has received favorable reports from the nine affiliated unions on the question of giving the council authority to effect a settlement of the machinists' strike in the city independent of what is done in the East. The council has therefore appointed a committe of five, with full power to act, to meet the employers should they agree to confer. The strike of metal polishers has been declared off.

MORE FIGHTING IN COREA.

Trouble Between Catholic Missionaries and Pupils.

Berlin July 13.—The Cologne Gazette published a dispatch from Seoul, Corea saying that bloody conflicts extending over a period of 10 days have occurred on the Island of Quelpart between Roman Catholic missionaries and their pupils and the pupils are reported to have been killed during the encounters. The governor of Quelpart, according to the dispatch, says the trouble was the fault of the pupils, and arose from their support of the tax collectors in levying illegal taxes upon the natives. Upon hearing that two French missionaries had been killed upon the island a French warship proceeded to Quelpart. Upon finding the missionaries alive, the warship returned.

The Corean government has commissioned Huan Junan and an American court official to investigate the matter, and is sending a company of Corean infantry with them to Quelpart. Quelpart is in the Yellow sea, 60 miles south of Corea, to which country it is subordinate. It is a penal colony.

CORN CROP PARCHED.

Kansas and Missouri Farmers Have Already Lost $50,000,000.

Chicago, July 15.—Todays' advices to the board of trade and grain commisison firms are that the heat and drought in the Southwest are unbroken. It is said that the damage outside of Kansas and Missouri is comparatively slight, but that unless there is relief within the next 10 days the corn crop situation will approach a calamity.

A message from Topeka, Kansas, says the prospects are for a crop of but 50,000,000 bushels of corn, although last year's crop was 163,000,000, and that of the previous year 237,000,000 bushels. The loss of hay and potatoes is also great, second only to the loss of corn. It is estimated that the farmers of Kansas and Missouri have already lost $50,000,000 by the torridity and drought.

Oil Found in Oklahoma.

Guthrie, O. T., July 15.—The people of Granite, O. T., are wild with excitement over the discovery of oil near that town. The oil was found at a depth of 107 feet, and spouted to the surfacre in great quantities. The company that sunk the well will go deeper in the hopes of developing a gusher.

Posse of Sixty-Five.

Chinook, Mont., July 15.—Sheriff Benner, of Great Falls, and his posse of 11 men left here this afternoon for the Bear Paw Pool ranch, 16 miles away, where horses will be furnished. The Great Falls posse will be joined by the possees from other counties, making in all 65 men. The party will be equipped with good horses and a plentiful supply of provision. Sheriff Griffith apparently is absolutely confident that he has the Great Northern robbers surounded on People s creek, 75 miles distant.

UNION WON BATTLE.

Sixteen Japanese Taken Prisoners on Fraser —Fight Between Fish Boats.

Vancouver, B. C., July 13.—The developments in the Fraser river strike situation during the past 24 hours show the union fishermen have the upper hand, having accomplished a coup d'etat which is without a parallel in the history of the many labor disturabnces in British Columbia. As a result of a battle of small boats out in the gulf a battle in which shots were exchanged but in which no combatant was killed, 16 Japanese were taken prisoners by the strikers. The Japanese boats were overturned, the rifles and fishing gear of the Orientals thrown into the water, and the Japanese themselves taken to one of the small islands away out in the gulf. Exactly where this island is located is a secret of the white fishermen, for they chose it several weeks ago for occasions such as this. They say they will continue to place non-union Japanese there for the remainder of the season, or until the place is discovered by the authorities. All that is known is that the island is between here and Nanaimo, 50 miles away, and that it is hard to find. The Japanese will be given food every few days and maintained comfortably, although closely guarded until a settlement is reached or until their island prison is located by the authorities.

Two provincial constables were out in Japanese boats today and effected the arrest of six white fishermen.

The Japanese held asbig meeting at Steveston and raised by voluntary subscriptions $4,000 for a Japanese hospital, which they think may be needed, and then discussed the salmon catching situation. Some were in favor of joining the union men in the strike especially as the run of salmon had been small this season up to date. The meeting broke up without definite action.

This evening a big run of salmon is reported as coming in from the south. The canners think the union men will not stand firm, in view of the temptation to participate in their catching. There is renewed talk this evening of turning out the militia.

Such a severe storm raged at the mouth of the Fraser river last night that the union patrol boats, which were to have attacked the Japanese fishermen, were afraid to leave Stevenston. The Japanese kept coming during the night without fish. Five Japanese are reported to have been drowned.

OFF FOR BERLIN.

Prince Chaun Goes to Germany to Apologize for Murder of Baron von Ketteler.

Pekin, July 15. — The departure from Pekin of Prince Chuan, younger brother of Emperor Kwang Hsu, who has been selected formally to apologize at Berlin for the murder of Baron Von Ketteler, was a spectacular event. A train took Prince Chuan and his suite from here to Taku, from which port he will proceed by steamer to Shaghai. He will sail from Shanghai July 20 for Genoa, and will proceed directly from there to Berlin by rail. Prince Chuan came to the station in Pekin on horseback. He was gorgeously attired in royal yellow, and followed by a long procession composed of members of his staff, their servants and the luggage on cars. Here he was met by the present German minister to China, Dr. Mumm Von Schwarzenstein, a German military band and gaurd of honor and two of his brothers.

A committee of the ministers of the powers in Shanghai have agreed on a scheme for improving navigation in such a way as to allow Pacific liners having a draught of 28 feet to anchor at Shanghai, instead of 20 miles below. This improvement will cost £750,000. It is probable that an improvement of the navigation of the Pei Ho as far up as Tien Tsin will be incorporated as a condition of the terms of peace.

M. W. Rockhill expects to sail from Yokohama August 20, accompanied by Hubbard T. Smith, United States consul at Canton, and F. D. Cheshire, who is retiring from his connection with the United States legation, chiefly as interpreter, after a quarter of a century of service.

General Wood's Condition.

Washington, July 15.—Acting Adjutant General Ward has received a cable msesage from Major Scott, adjutant general of the department of Cuba, saying that General Wood's condition is steadily improving. In

Old Warship Will Be Sold.

Washington, July 15.—The secretary of the navy today ordered the famous old Minnesota to be stricken from the naval register. A board of condemnation has just appraised her at $15,000, and she will be sold at public auction in Boston, where she now lies. The Minnesota is one of the most noted vessels of the old navy. She was built in Washington in 1855, and was the flagship of Admiral Goldsborough in the famous battle between the Merrimac and the Union fleet in Hampton Roads.